



## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

## ELEGY.

Beyond the blue, beyond the red,  
The waves of ether, fast and slow,  
Against our eyelids vainly beat,  
Vainly between our eyelids flow:  
And yet the claret and the wine  
What various colors they may show!

Beyond the billows of the air  
That bring the sounds of every day,  
Ten thousand tiny ripples dance,  
Ten thousand little currents play,  
Whereby the dead become aware  
What words the silent roses say.

And learn the secrets of a star,  
And catch the breathings of the Spring,  
And hear above the soughs of Death,  
The disembodied spirits sing,  
And God's eternal heart afar,  
Like a loud ocean thundering.

"The Lone Fish-Ball" is said to have been written by Prof. Lane of Harvard. This statement is made by Prof. Norton in the introduction to one of the reprints of the Caxton Club of Chicago, where the poem is called "The Lone Fish-Ball." The verse here given is from "Songs of the Eastern Colleges," compiled by Robert W. Atkinson of Harvard and Ernest Carter of Princeton, in which it was printed at the special request of several Harvard alumni.

## THE LONE FISH-BALL.

There was a man went up and down  
To seek a dinner through the town.

What wretch is he who wife forsakes,  
Who bet of jam and waives makes?

He feels his cash to know his pence,  
And finds he has but just six cents.

He finds at last a right cheap place,  
And enters in with modest face.

To bill of fare he searches through,  
The best of what his six cents will do.

The cheapest viand of them all,  
Is Twelve and a half cents for Two Fish-balls.

The waiter he to him doth call,  
And gently whispers, "One Fish-ball."

The waiter roars it through the hall,  
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball!"

The guest then says, quite ill at ease,  
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

The waiter roars it through the hall,  
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

## MORAL.

Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,  
Must get it first, or not at all.

Who would Fish-ball with flint's eat,  
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

## NOTES.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "The Queen's Quair," has gone into its second large edition. In many quarters it is regarded as the best of the year in distinction, in quality, and power; and considering its very high literary quality, it has reached a most unexpected popularity.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who is spending the summer in Italy, finishing his book on "The Tuscan Crown," has been visiting Genoa, where he was born. He is a man of letters, and his book is a masterpiece. It is a story of the life of a man of letters, and his book is a masterpiece. It is a story of the life of a man of letters, and his book is a masterpiece. It is a story of the life of a man of letters, and his book is a masterpiece.

More than 2,000 copies of Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley's novel, "The Singular Miss Smith," were sold on a single day last week, and the publishers have put the book to press for the fourth time.

Henry Harland, the author of "My Friend Prospero," is now the successful and popular novelist. The latest news from him is that he is traveling luxuriously in Italy with his family. But it was once quite different with him. A friend of his once gave him an interesting picture of Harland "before taking" his dose of popular success. "It was at the time he was writing his first novel, 'My Friend Prospero,'" he says, "that I knew him. He worked feverishly, going to bed at seven each night and rising at some such ungodly hour as four or five o'clock in the morning, to write until breakfast. Then he worked at his office, where he earned his daily bread—a lawyer's office. I believe—and rushed back as soon as he could to work on the book an hour or so before going to bed. It takes a great deal of pluck to give up everything like that when a man is young and fond of living."

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," is a stalwart cricketer, and they say can provide an exciting time with his bat as well as his pen. He has recently been covering himself with honor on the press, playing on the Marylebone eleven in an international match, in England, against the Haverford college cricket team. He held top score and was "not out."

Edgar Jepson, the author of an English youth's Sherlock Holmesian adventures, "The Admirable Tinker" (McClure-Phillips), has a reputation of being the most barbarously honest critic among contemporaneous English writers. His natural aptitude for telling what he considers the truth, no matter what Mr. Jepson one of the mainstays of the unabashedly frank Saturday Review. He is a constant contributor to its columns and in his hand some of the most valuable and interesting material is sure to find itself stripped of its guises and pretences. Strange to say, Mr. Jepson's books have always had cordial treatment from his brother critics, especially "The Admirable Tinker," which seems to suit the English mind to a T. Even the French Review has joined in the praise of it. The Mercure de France, in a long, enthusiastic review of it, finds only one fault, that the author has allowed the printer to put an accent on a capital letter in a French quotation.

Will Irwin, who collaborated with Gelett Burgess in "The Pleasure" and "The Reign of Queen Isly," has recently left his native California to come east and join the forces of the New York Sun. He was formerly Sunday editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. A rather "spooky" incident lies behind his decision to accept the Sun offer. A short while ago a letter came to him, and when he opened it, he received quite a shock of surprise in recognizing the handwriting of a friend, the novelist, Frank Norris, who had been dead some months. The friend to whom the letter had been entrusted had delayed in mailing it. In it Norris advised Irwin to "Get to New York" in a letter, and the letter arrived just in time to help Irwin decide to accept this offer to come east.

Whether Charles Reade's novels are neglected or not has been a subject of recent discussion in literary periodicals. Whatever the decision, the facts remain that a standard edition of his capital novels will shortly be published in London; and in America Reade's health is among the regularly best-selling books on the long standard list of Harper & Brothers. It is in such steady demand that they publish never at different editions of it, which are sold at varying prices. By many it is regarded as Reade's masterpiece. It has certainly never been neglected.

Josephine Daskam, author of "Memoirs of a Baby," has taken up the

## BLOOD WILL TELL.

A THEORY SUPPORTED BY FRESH CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

A Recent Instance Proves That a Woman's Happiness is Largely Dependent on the Utter of Her Blood.

When the blood is disordered every organ of the body is affected unfavorably and fails to discharge its functions properly. In the case of every woman nature has made special provision for a periodical purification of the blood and in long this occurs just health and spirits untiringly reveal the beneficial results. So slight a cause as a cold or a nervous shock may produce a suppression of this vital function and until it is restored she is doomed to misery. The remedy that has proved most prompt and effective in all disorders peculiar to the female sex, is that which is known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was under the care of a physician for three months, but he did not succeed in curing me. Then a lady friend told me about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which she had used in her family and she induced me to try them. It was in May when I first began to use them and in June I had fully recovered my health, and have since remained perfectly well.

In all cases of delayed development of young girls in anemia or weakness due to impoverished blood and showing itself in pallor, fatigue, nervousness, despondency and nervousness; also in the great constitutional disturbances attending the period known as the change of life, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable for women. They are sold by druggists. A booklet of valuable information, relating to the care of a woman's health at all important periods, and entitled "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," will be sent free in a sealed envelope to any one who chooses to write for it to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

gauntlet cast down by Gertrude Atherton in her article "Is American Life a Bourgeoisie?" and replies to it in the July number of the North American Review. To the article, a most clever one, Mrs. Bacon signs her full name, "Josephine Daskam Bacon."

Will Carleton, author of the famous "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," had his first poem printed when he was not more than 9 or 10 years of age. He had a natural talent for printing, had begged, borrowed and found enough type to print a few verses at a time; and his output consisted of copies of the popular songs of the day, which he sent to his father-pupils for a few cents a copy. Learning that young Carleton could write "poetry," he asked him to compose something original for his home-made paper. The lad was delighted at the prospect of getting into print, and the next day brought the ambitious young publisher a poem entitled "The Land of the Wolverine." But after reaching the printer, the father, who was a printer, thrusting his head out of the window.

"And I am not ashamed to own, That Wolverine-Land is my home, At evening, noon, or morn, I have been in the 'down' and 'home,' greatly to his dismay. Next morning at dawn there came a knocking at the door of the other boy's parents. 'Who's there?' growled the father. 'The printer, thrusting his head out of the window.'"

"It's Will Carleton," replied a timid voice. "I want to see Bob. I have to change my poetry before he sees it printed."

"What! Did you wake us up out of our sleep just for that? Well, I'll be—!" The rest of the sentence was lost in the recesses of the room. Presently Bob appeared, but it was too late for the whole edition of 20 copies had been run off during the evening. The sorrowful and conscientious young poet had to content himself with the two copies he received in his royalty.

The play of "Ben-Hur" dramatized from Gen. Lew. Wallace's celebrated novel, will be again presented in September, making the sixth year of its run. The records of receipts from this production shows that the play has been seen by more people than any other drama in the world. Combined with the Harper's novel, the novel itself in all its different editions, the

money-producing record of "Ben-Hur" breaks all others ever made by a single book of fiction.

## BOOKS.

The keenest of satire, a close study of human nature in many varied phases, a knack of describing men in such a way as to bring them vividly before the mental eye, and a plot so unique as to hold the reader's attention with an unswerving interest—these are some of the potent elements that combine to make "The Promoters" by William Hawley Smith, one of the most enjoyable books recently published.

As the title indicates, the story deals with that peculiar class of men who devote their time and brains to securing money with which to purchase a story upon the market, some enterprise more or less gigantic (and sometimes questionable in its character), either for themselves or in the interest of someone else. The promoters usually see to it that their services are well paid for, besides receiving stock in the enterprise he is engineering. With this idea for his plot, Mr. Smith has produced a story that is not only a masterpiece of the art, but a masterpiece of the art. He also shows that he understands men and has an appreciation of their foibles, which he puts in a manner that is highly enjoyable.

"The Promoters" is unique in many ways. There is no woman in it, nor even the suggestion of a romance. But, far from this being a drawback, the author gets into the story the fact is not even noticed. There are only five characters, but their actions are of such concentrated interest that one forgets the limited sphere in which they move, and as such wrapped up in their plans as they themselves.

Randall Parrish's novel, "When Wilderness Was King," ranks as one of the best novels written on phases of early American life. Its scene is Fort Dearborn in the early '80's and its descriptions of the wilderness, the life of the pioneers, the march of the frontier, and the life of the pioneers, are original and eminently trustworthy. The production of a notable piece of literature.—Published by A. C. McClurg, Chicago. Sold by Deseret News Book store.

"The Roosevelt Doctrine" is the title of a book of convenient size, making less than 200 pages, and giving a personal utterance of the president on various matters of vital interest, authoritatively arranged for reference in his logical sequence. There are nearly 25 important topics treated in this volume, and together they give a brief summary of the principles of American citizenship and government. This book, which is published by Robert Grier Cooke, was compiled by Mr. E. G. Garret, who served in the Rough Riders, under Col. Roosevelt, is a graduate of Yale university and has been a resident of New Haven, Conn. He has long been a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, and an ardent believer in the principles guiding his life and fortunes. He was a campaign orator in the state of New York on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt when he was running for the presidency, and is exceedingly well qualified to handle the work contained in his book.

Gertrude Atherton's novels, "The Aristocrats" and "The Doomsday," have been entered into the German, and a German translation of "The Aristocrats" is now in preparation. Apropos of this, the Turin Yearbook (Fahrbuch), edited by Y. E. Prehner von Grotthus and published in Stuttgart, whose contributors are the most cultivated of German scholars writing without prejudice, says of this American novelist: "The only Anglo-Saxon novel of its year possessing strength and poetic fire appeared in America. It is entitled 'The Aristocrats.' In consequence of the dramatic first appearance of this social satire, it first appeared under the pseudonym of a young English noblewoman, who, writing to her sister in Scotland from the Adirondacks, expresses her opinions on the subject of marriage and the relation of the sexes in a most unconventional manner. Now, however, the author has ended the mystery. The work is from the pen of the gifted Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who, like Mrs. Cooke, has achieved an enviable reputation. During this same year, Mrs. Atherton's first novel, 'The Doomsday,' was published some 20 years ago, first appearing in Germany. It is a most interesting novel, picturing the life of the California Spaniards before their annexation to the United States in 1848.

## The Odd Career of an Irish Poet 108 Years Ago.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 29.—It is rather doubtful if there is another poet who can boast of as romantic a career as that of Colman Wallace, who at the age of 108 is now living and writing in a modest cottage in Oughterard, in County Galway, Ireland. Probably Colman Wallace is absolutely unknown in the United States—he is practically so in this country—but in his own land his reputation as a verse writer is no mean one, and a new collection of his poems has just been published by the Gaelic League in Dublin. Wallace was born in 1796, and for almost a hundred years made his living as a mason and a sawyer in various parts of Ireland, writing poetry in spare moments. He married twice, and about three years ago his second wife died and soon afterwards Wallace's lack of means obliged him to enter the poor house at Oughterard. It was some months before the poet's readers discovered where he was, but when they did a found was raised for his benefit, as a result of which Wallace was provided with a small cottage, and he has since been able to live in it. He is now in splendid health and spirits, and writes an introductory poem to the new volume of his poetry. He is now in splendid health and spirits, and writes an introductory poem to the new volume of his poetry. He is now in splendid health and spirits, and writes an introductory poem to the new volume of his poetry.

A friend who recently has been seeing something of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio furnishes me with a little incident of what the Scotch call "canniness" on the poet's part. Like other writers of renown d'Annunzio receives requests for his autograph by almost every mail. His reply to these is invariably the same; that he will be delighted to furnish his autograph, but only upon a copy of one of his works, and Signor d'Annunzio implied to my friend that so far the results of this little expedition of his had been highly gratifying.

American readers of "Lorna Doone" and Blackmore's other novels, who subscribed to the memorial recently unveiled in Exeter Cathedral, will be interested on hearing that there remains after the completion of the whole balance of \$100. This has been handed over to the Society of Authors, of which Blackmore was a most enthusiastic member.

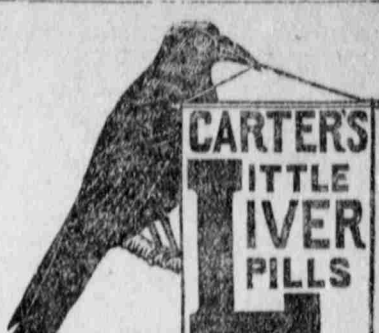
A rather undignified contest over the body of George Whyte-Melville, the novelist, who died in 1878 is now going on between his widow and the Viscountess Massereene, his only child. Mrs. Whyte-Melville is petitioning the consistory court for the issue of a "faculty" authorizing the disinterment and removal of the remains of her late husband in order that they may be buried in the parish churchyard of Wherstead, Suffolk, with the other members of his family. The Viscountess Massereene is protesting against the issuance of this "faculty," her objections, however, not being especially clear. Whyte-Melville, of course, met his death through an accident in the hunting field which played so prominent a part in practically every one of his novels.

That an American author, if only there be quality in his or her work, is sure of an audience in this country is being demonstrated constantly. The latest example of this is the success of Miss Alice Brown's books. The first of them published almost without any booming were praised unanimously by reviewers and of Miss Brown's latest volume "High Noon," kindly things are being said on almost every side.

The American wife is still another rather prominent figure in the London literary world is making an enviable reputation with her pen. This is Mrs. John Lane, whose husband is, of course one of the best known of London publishers. The really good stuff in Mrs. Lane's story "Kittywick," led to its being widely praised, and Mrs. Lane's occasional articles on social and domestic matters are being paid the compliment of publication in the Fortnightly Review. The latest of them, which deals amusingly with the servant question, is called "Temporary Power."

Oddly enough London has now no weekly comic paper printed in colors on the lines of "Puck" and "Judge" at home, and in consequence much interest has been aroused by the announcement that such a periodical, partly composed of American humor is about to be started. There is plenty of room for it, for "Punch" appeals only slightly to the man in the street, whereas the English comic such as "Aly Sloper," "Scraps" and so forth rely for support chiefly upon office boys. At present one of the biggest successes in the way of a comic weekly is a little periodical called "Snap-shots," which sells for six pence and is made up entirely from advance sheets of the principal American comic weeklies. Its perhaps most popular feature are re-productions of the cartoons of Charles Dana Gibson, who is almost as well known here as at home.

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